

LITCHFIELD ENQUIRER.

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Litchfield Enquirer:

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
By HENRY ADAMS.

TERMS. To village and single mail subscribers, two dollars per year, payable before the expiration of six months.

To companies of any number over six, \$1 50 per year, payable as above. To companies less than six, \$1 75 per year, payable as before. 25 cents will be deducted from each of these last prices when payment is made in advance. These prices are exclusive of mail or stage charge for transportation.

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All communications must be post-paid.

Albion CORN PLASTER!

THE Albion Corn Plaster softens the corn, however old and tough, and extracts it to the very roots. The relief afforded is gentle, immediate and thorough.

The proprietor begs leave to submit the following case, from Mr. Stowell, who is well known to the inhabitants of the city of Boston, especially at the south end, as a very worthy and respectable citizen.

AS CASE.
Sir—I do not hesitate to give my most unqualified approbation in favor of your valuable Albion Corn Plaster. By the use of less than a box, Mrs. Stowell has been cured of a corn on each foot, which had been exceedingly troublesome and painful for years, and I think it but justice to your invaluable preparation to add, (for the encouragement of those who, owing to repeated disappointments in the various remedies resorted to, have finally despaired of a cure,) that you Plaster cured her corns after trying other highly recommended remedies to no purpose; and what increases my confidence in the superiority of your Plaster is the fact, that it has been used by several of my neighbors with equally good success.

(Signed) SETH STOWELL.
Keeper of the Toll-house, South Boston Bridge.
Mr. T. Kidder, Proprietor of the Conway Medicine.
Boston, June 17th, 1834.
Price 50 cents.

Sore and Inflamed EYES.

THE sensitive, the weakly, and the others, who are troubled with soreness or inflammation of that delicate organ, will be able to obtain a most pleasant and invaluable application, in

Dumfries' EYE WATER!
This well established Wash for the Eye is perfectly innocent, and gives immediate relief, even in very aggravated cases of soreness and inflammation. Price 25 cents.

THE TOOTH ACHE!

This agonising disorder is cured in its most painful stages, by one of the most simple as well as powerful remedies known in modern practice. The

Cambrian Tooth Ache Pills
afford instant relief, without inducing the slightest injury on the teeth. They are applied externally to the parts affected, with the greatest ease and expedition, and generally operate a soothing lenitive to the suffering patient. Price 50 cents a box.

DYSPEPSIA.

OF most obstinate character, after having baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians, and withstood the most highly recommended medical preparations, has been checked, relieved, and cured, in a number of instances in and about Boston, by using for a short time

DR. REEF'S Vegetable Specific, and Anti-bilious Pills, in connexion, according to the directions accompanying the Specific. It is also one of the best medicines known for Sick Headache, Sickness at the Stomach, Nausea, and Flatulencies.

None are genuine unless signed on the outside printed wrapper, by the sole proprietor, T. KIDDER, immediate successor to the late Dr. W. T. COXWELL. For sale at life Counting Room, over No. 39, Court Street, near Court Hall, Boston, and also by his special appointment, by

Samuel Bueland J. G. Beckwith, Litchfield;
E. Cowles, South Farms; Daniel Norton,
Canaan; Judson & Whittlesby, N. Preston;
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Henderson, Goshen.

Large discount to those who buy to sell again.
March 27 1y4w42

LADIES' MOCASINS.

EMBROIDERED Buckskin Mocasins, a useful article. Also, a few pairs of Children's Rubber Overshoes, for sale by

Jan. 29. W. & D. PORTER.

RYE FLOUR.

JUST ground, and warranted best quality, for sale by

W. & D. PORTER. 35
Litchfield, Feb. 5.

WANTED,

A WOMAN to do the work of a small family in this village.

The best recommendations will be required, and the highest wages given.
Inquire at this office, or of E. Harrison, Esq. 35 Feb. 5, 1835.

FOR SALE,

THE Place now in the occupancy of the subscriber, consisting of 20 acres of first rate Land, a good Dwelling House and Barn, and other outbuildings; a well of water that will wash, and a never-failing stream of water running near the house. The above will be sold with or without more land, as the purchaser may wish. It is a very desirable situation, two miles from the village of Litchfield, on the road leading to New-Milford. Terms of payment made easy—as no part of the purchase money will be required at the time of sale, unless desired by the purchaser.

LUCIUS TOMPKINS.
Litchfield, Feb. 5, 1835. 35

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.
For Litchfield and Albany.

Through to Albany in 2 days.



A STAGE will leave the General Stage Office, New-Haven, at 2 o'clock P. M. on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, via Naugatuc, (Salem Bridge,) Waterbury, Waretown, Litchfield, &c. to ALBANY.
J. W. HARRIS.
February 12. 38

JOB PRINTING

OF ALL KINDS
DONE AT THIS OFFICE.

Another extract from the Life of Arnold, by Sparks.

EXECUTION OF CAPT. HALE.

The case of Capt. Nathan Hale has been regarded as parallel to that of Major Andre. This young officer was a graduate of Yale College, and had but recently closed his academic course when the war of the revolution commenced. Possessing genius, taste, and ardor, he became distinguished as a scholar; and, endowed in an eminent degree with those graces and gifts of nature which add a charm to youthful excellence, he gained universal esteem and confidence. To high moral worth and irreproachable habits were joined gentleness of manners, an ingenious disposition, and vigor of understanding. No young man of his years put forth a fairer promise of future usefulness and celebrity; the fortunes of none were fostered more sincerely by the generous good wishes of his associates, or the hopes and encouraging presages of his superiors.

Being a patriot upon principle, and an enthusiast in a cause, which appealed equally to his sense of justice any love of liberty, he was among the first to take up arms in his country's defence. The news of the battle of Lexington roused his martial spirit, and called him immediately to the field. He obtained a commission in the army, and marched with his company to Cambridge. His promptness, activity, and assiduous attention to discipline, were early observed. He prevailed upon his men to adopt a simple uniform, which improved their appearance, attracted notice, and procured applause. The example was followed by others, and its influence was beneficial. Nor were his hours wholly absorbed by his military duties. A rigid economy of time enabled him to gratify his zeal for study and mental culture.

At length the theatre of action was changed, and the army was removed to the southward. The battle of Long Island was fought, and the American forces were drawn together in the city of N. York.—At this moment it was extremely important for Washington to know the situation of the British army on the heights of Brooklyn, its numbers, and the indications as to its future movements. Having confidence in the discretion and judgment of the gallant Colonel Knowlton, who commanded a Connecticut regiment of infantry, he explained his wishes to that officer, and requested him to ascertain if any suitable person could be found in his regiment, who would undertake so hazardous and responsible a service. It was essential, that he should be a man of capacity, address, and military knowledge.

Col. Knowlton assembled several of his officers, stated to them the views and desires of the General, and left the subject to their reflections, without proposing the enterprise to any individual. The officers then separated. Capt. Hale considered deliberately what had been said, and finding himself by a sense of duty inclined to the undertaking, he called at the quarters of his intimate friend, Captain Hull, (afterwards General Hull,) and asked his opinion. Hull endeavored to dissuade him from the service, as not befitting his rank in the army, and as being of a kind for which his openness of character disqualified him; adding that no glory could accrue from success, and a detection would inevitably be followed by an ignominious death.

Captain Hale replied that all these considerations had been duly weighed, that "every kind of service necessary to the public good was honorable by being necessary," that he did not accept a commission for the sake of fame alone, or personal advancement; that he had been for some time in the army without being able to render any signal aid to the cause of his country, and that he felt impelled by high motives of duty not to shrink from the opportunity now presented.

The arguments of his friends were unavailing, and Captain Hale passed over to Long Island in disguise. He had gained the desired information, and was just on the point of stepping into a boat to return to the city of N. York, when he was arrested and taken before the British commander. Like Andre, he had assumed a character, which he could not sustain; he was "too little accustomed to duplicity to succeed." The proof against him was so conclusive, that he made no effort at self-defence, but frankly confessed his object; and, again like Andre, without further remarks, "left the facts to operate with his judges." He was sentenced to be executed as a spy, and was accordingly hanged the next morning.

The sentence was conformable to the laws of war, and the prisoner was prepared to meet it with a fortitude becoming his character. But the circumstances of his death aggravated his sufferings, and placed him in a situation widely different from that of Andre. The facts were narrated to General Hull by an officer of the British commissary department, who was present at the execution, and deeply moved by the conduct and fate of the unfortunate victim, and the treatment he received. The provost-marshal, to whose charge he was consigned, was a refugee, and behaved towards him in the most unfeeling manner; refusing the attendance of a clergyman and the use of a bible, and destroying the letters he had written to his mother and friends.

In the midst of these barbarities, Hale was calm, collected, firm; pitying the malice that could insult a fallen foe and dying

man, but displaying to the last his native elevation of soul, dignity of deportment, and an undaunted courage. Alone, unfriended, without consolation or sympathy, he closed his mortal career with the declaration, "that he only lamented he had but one life to lose for his country." When Andre stood upon the scaffold, he called on all around him to bear witness, that he died like a brave man. The dying words of Hale embodied a nobler and more sublime sentiment; breathing a spirit of satisfaction, that, although brought to an untimely end, it was his lot to die a martyr in his country's cause. The whole tenor of his conduct, and this declaration itself, were such proofs of his bravery, that it required not to be more audibly proclaimed. The following tribute is from the muse of Dr. Dwight:

"Thus, while fond virtue wished in vain to save,
Hale, bright and generous, found a lazier grave;
With genius' living flame his bosom glowed;
And science charmed him to her sweet abode;
In worth's fair path, his feet adventured far;
The pride of peace, the rising grace of war."

There was a striking similarity between the character and acts of Hale and Andre, but in one essential point of difference the former appears to much the greater advantage. Hale was promised no reward, nor did he expect any. It was necessary that the service should be undertaken from purely virtuous motives, without a hope of gain or of honor; because it was of a nature not to be executed by the common class of spies, who are influenced by pecuniary consideration; and promotion could not be offered as an inducement, since that would be a temptation for an officer to hazard his life as a spy, which a commander could not with propriety hold out. Viewed in any light, the act must be allowed to bear unequivocal marks of patriotic disinterestedness and self-denial. But Andre had a glorious prize before him; the chance of distinguishing himself in a military enterprise, honors, renown, and every allure that could flatter, hope and stimulate ambition. To say the least, his personal advantages were to be commensurate with the benefit to his country. But whatever may have been the parallel between these two individuals while living, it ceased with their death. A monument was raised and consecrated to the memory of Andre by the bounty of a grateful sovereign. His ashes have been removed from their obscure resting place, transported across the ocean, and deposited with the remains of the illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey. Where is the memento of the virtues, the patriotic sacrifice, the early fate of Hale? It is not inscribed in marble, it is hardly recorded in books. Let it be the more deeply cherished in the hearts of his countrymen.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

He must be incorrigibly unamiable, who is not a little improved by becoming a father. Some there are, however, who know not how to appreciate the blessings with which Providence has filled their quiver; who receive with coldness a son's greeting or a daughter's kiss; who have principle enough properly to feed, and clothe, and educate their children, to labor for their support and provision, but possess not the affection which turns duty into delight; who are surrounded with blossoms, but know not the art of extracting their exquisite sweets. How different is the effect of true parental love, where nature, duty, habit, and feeling, combine to constitute an affection the purest, the deepest and the strongest, the most enduring, the least exacting of any of which the human heart is capable!

The selfish bachelor may shudder when he thinks of the consequences of a family; he may picture to himself littered rooms and injured furniture; imagine the noise and confusion, the expense and the cares, from which he is luckily free; hug himself in his solitude, and pity his unfortunate neighbor, who has half a dozen squalling children to torment and impoverish him.

The unfortunate neighbor, however, returns the compliment with interest, sighs over the loneliness of the wealthy bachelor, and can never see, without feelings of regret, rooms where no stray plaything tells of the occasional presence of a child, gardens where no tiny footmark reminds him of his treasures at home. He has listened to his heart, and learned from it a precious secret; he knows how to convert noise into harmony, expense into self-gratification, and trouble into amusement; and he reaps, in one day's intercourse with his family, a harvest of love and enjoyment rich enough to repay years of toil and care. He listens eagerly on his threshold for the boisterous greeting he is sure to receive, feels refreshed by the mere pattering sound of the darlings' feet, as they hurry to receive his kiss, and cures, by a noisy game at romps, the weariness and headache which he gained in his intercourse with men.

But it is not only to their parents and near connexions that children are interesting and delightful; they are general favorites, and their caresses are slighted by none but the strange, the affected, or the morose. I have, indeed, heard a fine lady declare that she preferred a puppy or a kitten to a child; and I wondered she had not sense enough to conceal her want of womanly feeling; and I know another fair simpton, who considers it beneath her to

notice those from whom no intellectual improvement can be derived, forgetting that we have hearts to cultivate as well as heads. But these are extraordinary exceptions to general rules, as uncommon and disgusting as a beard on a lady's chin, or a pipe in her mouth.

Even men may condescend to sport with children without fear of contempt; and for those who like to shelter themselves under authority, and cannot venture to be wise and happy their own way, we have plenty of splendid examples, ancient and modern, living and dead, to adduce which may sanction a love for these pigmy playthings. Statesmen have romped with them, orators told them stories, conquerors submitted to their blows, judges, divines, and philosophers listened to their prattle, and joined in their sports.

Notwithstanding the infinite pains taken to spoil nature's lovely works, there is a principle of resistance, which allows of only partial success; and numbers of sweet children exist, to delight and soothe, and divert us, when we are weary or fretted by grown-up people, and to justify all that has been said or written of the charms of childhood. Perhaps only women, their natural nurses and faithful protectresses, can thoroughly appreciate the attractions of the first few months of human existence. The recumbent position, the fragile limbs, the lethargic tastes, and ungrateful indifference to notice, of a very young infant, render it uninteresting to most gentlemen, except its father; and he is generally afraid to touch it, for fear of breaking its neck. But even in this state, mothers, grandmothers, aunts, and nurses, assure you that strong indications of sense and genius may be discerned in the little animal; and I have known a clatter of surprise and joy excited through a whole family, and matter afforded for twenty long letters and innumerable animated conversations, by some marvellous demonstration of intellect in a creature in long clothes, who could not hold its head straight.

But as soon as the baby has acquired firmness and liveliness; as soon as it smiles at a familiar face, and stares at a strange one; as soon as it employs its hands and eyes in constant expeditions of discovery, and crows and leaps from the excess of animal contentment—it becomes an object of undefinable and powerful interest, to which all the sympathies of our nature attach us—an object at once of curiosity and tenderness, interesting as it is in its helplessness and innocence.

Who has not occasionally, when fondling an infant, felt oppressed by the weight of mystery which hangs over its fate? Perhaps we hold in our arms, an angel, kept but for a few months from the heaven in which it is to spend the rest of an immortal existence; perhaps we see the germ of all that is hideous and hateful in our nature. Thus looked and thus sported, thus calmly slumbered and sweetly smiled, the monsters of our race in their days of infancy.—Where are the marks to distinguish a Nero from a Trajan, an Abel from a Cain? But it is not in this spirit that it is either wise or happy to contemplate any thing.—Better is it—when we behold the energy and animation of young children, their warm affections, their ready, unsuspicious confidence, their wild, unwearied glee, their mirth so easily excited, their love so easily won—to enjoy unrestrained the pleasantness of life's morning; that morning so bright and joyous, and to teach us that nature intended us to be happy, and usually gains her end till we are old enough to discover how we may defeat it.

Little girls are my favorites. Boys, though sufficiently interesting and amusing, are apt to be infected, as soon as they assume the manly garb, with a little of that masculine violence and obstinacy, which, when they grow up, they will call spirit and firmness; and they lose, earlier in life, that docility, tenderness, and ignorance of evil, which are their sisters' peculiar charms. In all the range of visible creation, there is no object to me so attractive and delightful as a lovely, intelligent, gentle little girl of eight or nine years old. This is the point at which may be witnessed the greatest improvement of intellect compatible with that lily-like purity of mind, to which taint is incomprehensible, danger unsuspected, and which wants not only the vocabulary, but the very idea of sin. Even the best and purest of women would shrink from displaying her heart to our gaze, while lovely childhood allows us to read its very thought and fancy.

Children may teach us one blessed, one enviable art—the art of being easily happy. Kind nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances, which compensates for so many external disadvantages: and it is only by injudicious management that it is lost.—Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the duke's; free from artificial wants, unassisted by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasures; he can carve out felicity from a bit of hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle.

He who feels thus, cannot contemplate, unmoved, the joys and sports of childhood; and he gazes, perhaps, on the care-free brow and rapture-beaming countenance with the melancholy and awe which the lovely victims of consumption inspire, when, unconscious of danger, they talk

cheerfully of the future. He feels that he is in possession of a mysterious secret, of which happy children have no suspicion. He knows what the life is on which they are about to enter; and he is sure that whether it smiles or frowns upon them, its brightest glances will be cold and dull, compared with those under which they are now basking.

"Tales of the Border."—Under this title Judge HALL has just given to the reading public another volume of his delightful sketches of Scenes and Manners in the West. It needs no quotation to give assurance of their excellence to the many who are already familiar with his style of mingled graphic simplicity and unfeigned humor. To those who are not, we would commend the following brief extract, illustrative of primitive life in Missouri:

"Some twelve or thirteen years ago, when the good land on the northern frontier of Missouri was beginning to be found out, and the village of Palmyra had been recently located on the extreme verge of the settlements of the white men, uncle Moses, who had built his cabin hard by, went into that promising village one day, in hopes of finding a letter from his cousin David, then at Louisville, and to whom he had written to come to Missouri. Three hours' pleasant ride brought him to town. He soon found Major Obadiah —, who had been lately appointed postmaster, and who had such an aversion to confinement, that he appropriated his hat to all the purposes of a post-office—an arrangement by which he complied with the law, requiring him to take special care of all letters and papers committed to his keeping, and the instructions directing him to be always found in his office, and, at the same time, enjoyed such locomotive freedom, as permitted him to go hunting or fishing, at his pleasure. He was thus ready at all times, wherever he might be, to answer any call on his department promptly.

"The major, seating himself on the grass, emptied his hat of its contents, and requested uncle Moses to assist him in hunting for his letter: 'whenever you come to any that looks dirty and greasy, like these,' said he, 'just throw them in that pile; they are all dead letters, and I intend to send them off to head quarters, the very next time the post rider comes; for I can't afford to tote them any longer, encumbering up the office for nothing.' Uncle Moses thought they were at head quarters already, but made no remark, and quietly putting on his spectacles, gave his assistance as required.

"After a quarter of an hour's careful examination, it was agreed by both, that there was no letter in the office for uncle Moses.

"But stop," said the postmaster, as uncle Moses was preparing to mount his horse, 'you are a trading character,—come, let me sell you a lot of goods at wholesale. Willy Wan, the owner, has gone to St. Louis to lay in a fresh supply, and has left me to keep store for him till he returns. He has almost sold out, and I hate to be cramped up in a house all day, so have packed up the whole stock in these two bundles'—hauling them out of his coat pockets.

Uncle Moses looked over them without ever cracking a smile, for it was a grave business.

"Here, examine them—calicoes, ribbons, laces, &c. all as good as new—no mistake—I'll take ten dollars in coon skins for the whole invoice, which is less than cost, rather than tote them any longer.

"The Major's offer of a lot of store goods, for less than cost, struck him favorably, and he offered three dozen raccoon skins for the whole. 'Take them,' said the Major—'it is too little—but if Wan doesn't like the trade, I'll pay the balance myself.

"Now," said the Postmaster, 'let us go down to the river where Hunt, and the balance of the boys, are fishing. We have been holding an election here for the last few days, and as nobody came in to vote to-day, we all concluded to go fishing.'

"But what election is it?"

"Why, to elect delegates to form our State Constitution."

"I have heard of it, but had forgot it. I am entitled to a vote."

"Certainly you are. Hunt and I are two of the Judges. He has taken the poll-books along with him—come along, we will take your vote at the river—just as good as if it was done in town. I hate formalities, and this three day's election—every one could as well do their voting in one."

Down they went to the river; the Judges and clerks were called together, and recorded the first vote that uncle Moses ever gave in Missouri."

"Patience.—It is said that in olden time, before hanging was brought to its present perfection, it was customary to give the criminal his choice of a tree on which to swing. Now it happened that a witty son of Erin had been detected in a crime which brought him to the undesirable alternative of choosing the tree on which he would be suspended, and Pat very judiciously selected the Gooseberry. It was objected by the officer that it was too small. But Pat persisted; 'indeed your honor, it's a rare tree, and since Patrick O'Flanagan is never in a hurry to be hanged, he'll just wait till it grows.'"